Revenge

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Revenge

by Hannibalbabe92

Summary

Will graham gets his revenge on Alana bloom. Read the tags.

Notes

This is going to be a series of writing prompts that I have written down over time and decided to act upon. There are some that may have more than one chapter. And there will be things that don't make sense until another prompt comes out because it is linked with another prompt. So please don't come at me with certain things. I know certain things are there for a reason. Any other errors are my mistakes alone. This is not beta read. I have not written in a very long time. I am using this to attempt to get back into it. I hope you enjoy and please leave comments kudos. I appreciate the encouragement.

Writing prompt stories
Prompt Word: Revenge

Will had always known that Alana would be an issue if Hannibal left her alive. And now once again she was attempting to tear them apart. Once again she was threatening what they had. It had been two years since Hannibal and Will had fallen over the cliff and faked their death. Alana obviously hadn't believed it, whether it was because she didn't herself or because of Badelia, he wasn't sure. Right now, Hannibal was home with their six month old little boy who was everything to the both of them and they had to protect him at all costs. It was all different now that they had Bently, They had to do things differently.

Will had told Hannibal that he was going on a business thing for work. And Hannibal had been okay with it. He knew once the word got out that Alana Bloom was dead, Hannibal would know for a fact it was Will. At the moment Will stood outside their home waiting for Margot to leave with their boy. He would kill her later and leave the child. He had other family on Alana's side. Will had considered taking the boy but he figured that it was too risky and a reminder to Hannibal of what they did to them. And he didn't want his love to have painful memories in their new life together. Not when they were so happy.

After waiting for about an hour, Margot finally left. That left Alana alone. Will waited just a bit to make sure that she stayed gone and didn't come back for any reason. Once he was happy with that, Will slowly and quietly went to the house and snuck into the back door. It was such a small house for them. So simple. He wondered if she really thought that Hannibal wouldn't come back for her. And he supposed that she was right. It was him. Not Hannibal. So life would play a trick on her. One last time. Will closed the door behind himself quietly and took the knife out of the black coat that he had on to hide blood. He knew he wasn't going to be able to leave anything behind and that he was going to have to do some cleanup depending how bad it was. And he was already prepared for it.

Inside, The house was quiet. The only thing that he could hear was the familiar sound of a bath running. That would be perfect. Wash everything away. He slowly and quietly made his way through the house and up the stairs to the sound of the water running. He heard the water stop and the sound of Alana groan as she settled into the tub. The sound was nearly orgasmic for her. Will had often wondered what she sounded like during sex. But now he just wanted her dead. Now the only one he wanted to hear like that, Was Hannibal. His Hannibal.

Will pushed the door open and went in. The look of fear and surprise on Alana's face made Will want to laugh. It was priceless.
'You- You're alive?!" Alana asked sounding just as surprised as she looked. Will chuckled.
"You didn't think I would die that easily, Did you?" Will asked leaving Hannibal out of it. She didn't need to know anything about Hannibal being alive.

“I’m going to call the police.” She announced. Before she could move, Will was across the room and had the knife against her throat.
“You are not going to do anything other than pay for the things that you’ve done, Alana.” Will promised. She shivered from fear as the water and bubbles splashed over the side of the tub and to the bath mat below.
“Where is Hannibal?” Alana demanded. Will chuckled again.
“Oh Hannibal is….shall we say…indisposed.” Will said. He watched Alana swallow hard.
“So he is dead…” She said. Softly. Almost sad sounding. Almost like she missed him. Will hummed in amusement.
“Did you think him any different, Alana?” Will asked pushing the knife harder against her throat. He knew that Hannibal wasn’t dead but he couldn’t help the anger that she had tried to aid in just that outcome.
“I-I don’t know…” She whispered raggedly. Will was getting bored. He wanted to end this and get back home to Hannibal and their son.
“Oh well, I guess it doesn’t matter now does it?” Will asked scoffing.
“I don’t-”
“Oh common, Alana, Right from the start you ruined any chance I had at anything by being Jack’s lap dog. You made sure that No one wanted me. Then you didn’t want me. But Hannibal did. Hannibal always had. And you took him from me too. Did you know that when we fell, I was pregnant?” Will asked.
“You’re a fucking murderer..” Alana yelled. That was when Will snapped. He grabbed Alana by the shoulders hard and slammed her back against the tile where it met the tub. He heard something crack and her scream but he wasn’t sure what exactly it was. Will dropped the knife in the water and then grabbed her by the back of the neck and yanked her hard up to her knees in the tub. Her body looked just as good as it always did aside from the scars she had.
“Because of you, I am a lot of things, Alana…And guess what? Hannibal is very much alive…” Will whispered before pushing her head under water and then to the bottom of the tub. Her struggle was hard but nothing that Will couldn’t handle. He wished that he could say that Alana was a strong woman but she was weak physically and mentally. He pushed her head down so hard that he heard and felt her face shatter and crunch against the bottom of the porcelain tub. Soon she stopped struggling and soapy bubbles and water was all over the floor and Will. He wasn’t sure of he was going to do that ot let Margot find her just this way and then take her out too. Then he questioned killing Margot at all. If he killed both, they would come looking right away. But if he left Margot, It would look like a patient. Will took one last look at the floating body and then left the room and the house. He drove away leaving the mess behind.

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Hannibal sat on his tablet three days later and read an article reporting on Alana Bloom’s gruesome death. Hannibal knew immediately why his love went to the States. Will grabbed his cell phone and Dialed Will’s number. Will answered.
“Hello, Will…”
“Hi..” Will said knowing exactly why Hannibal was calling.

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